Published for the 10th Distribution of ValAPA, 15 July 1966, by Bruce Pelz, who hopes he won't quite as rushed as last time. IncuNebulous Pub. 494.

DISTRICT QF CALUMNY

First, I should like to apologize for the messy repro on the front of the second issue. It was a result of having to run the zine in a hurry before leaving for the meeting, and not waiting long enough between sides for the front to dry. I'll try to start earlier in the future -- today is only the 14th, and I'm starting this issue already!

SCHU: A very nice cover, and a good illo on OLD ENGLISH, too. Your hatching could be improved so that it looked more like the shading it is sup-

posed to be, but that's about the only problem with it.

I think Russ may have meant that he would be Director of LASFS (if elected Sr. Committeeman) for the four weeks I will be gone this summer... as Dave Fox will be, now. [Some day I'd like to sit down with several fans and figure out the various vote-alliances in this past election; it should be interesting indeed.]

RUSS BROOKER: If we're going to be giving other people The Treatment by bringing various phonograph records to the meeting, I have a couple that should do in the whole organization. There's one of ethnic music from Turkey; there's the one from the musical comedy "The Boy Friend," and there are a couple of Yma Sumac records. Then, if you're still not finished off, I can put on all 6 records of Bach's "Well-Tempered Clavier" -after two sides it begins to feel like you're being hit on the head repeatedly by little tiny hammers.

It's considered Bad Form to praise one's own hoax's work...even if one is not entirely responsible. (Responsible for the hoax, that is.)

NEAL REYNOLDS: I'll be interested in seeing whether you still think ValSFA is "the more closely knit and the more relaxed" of the two LA SF clubs after you hold office for a while longer. Each club has its own advantage and disadvantage in being closely knit. The smaller ValSFA is small enough that even a small rift is very obvious, but its very newness and the feeling of its being a brash upstart are enough to help hold the members together and not allow themselves to fractionate too much. The larger LASFS, on the other hand, is large enough so that rifts can get up to feud-size and still not tear the club apart, since there will always be enough non-involved members to outweigh the feudists and keep the club itself in one piece. However, the LASFS is so big that it would be almost impossible for it to exist without some splits among the various cliques -and these very cliques are a result of the club being too big to act as a whole.

Talk to some of the fans who've been around LASFS for four or five years, and see if they compare the Valleyites to the Caltechians we got into the club a couple years ago. The comparison is not on a 1:1 personal basis, but on a group: group basis, especially in regard to the ultimate -up to the present anyway -- disposition of the groups.

LARRY PARR: So what happened to the artwork? Do I surmise correctly that it was already run on about 100 sheets, but you forgot to use the pre-illustrated sheets when you ran your zine?

AND THE MISTS LIE LOW

CHAPTER 1

"And prove that only Lesser Breeds Follow where a stuffed walrus leads."

- - - L.C.B. Lin

"I.m still not sure how we got away with it," remarked Jim Schumacher as the car sped down the Santa Ana Freeway. "I know why you brought the motion up, and I know why I supported it, but I also know that Pelz and Gilbert know why we did, too -- and I can't figure out why they would support it."

"It's a good thing they did," replied Dwain Kaiser. "The motion just passed by a few votes as it was."

"I voted against it," said Fred Whitledge from behind the wheel.

"I think the money should have gone into the treasury."

"Yeah. You and Neal Clark almost defeated the motion, too. But at least I notice you aren't a bad loser -- once it passed you were willing to help share the benefits."

"Why not, it was a lot of money my auctions had put there. But I would like to know why you proposed it -- evidently almost everyone else knows, how about telling me?"

"Oh, sure," said Dwain. "We finally realized we weren't going to be able to get that slan shack we were holding the Special Fund for, because those of us who were interested in sharing it would be leaving town this fall. Gil is being drafted finally -- you remember we thought he'd be drafted last summer, when he went down to San Diego for a while -- and I'm transferring to the University of Nevada. We wouldn't be around to take advantage of the slan shack."

"I'm going to Berkeley," added Schumacher. "So we decided we'd try to enjoy the money if we could -- after all, it was our idea to start the Special Fund in the first place."

"Yes," agreed Kaiser. "But I didn't expect it to pass, really --

not with Gilbert, Pelz, Hollander and the others there. "
"But it did! So let's enjoy the results without worrying about why it passed, huh? How many of the club are coming?"

"There's the three of us, Neal Clark and Monte, Bailes, Fitch, and Pelz, Al Smith and Terry -- that's ten."

"Very convenient," remarked Schu. "\$20 each, and a couple bucks left over. It ought to be fun. Actually, I guess we earned the trip -- we worked more than a year to build the Fund this high. Of course, it might have been spent before this if some of the members hadn't kept insisting that we have a firm committment before making any arrangements to rent a house."

"Yeah," agreed Fred "or if you'd taken more time to scout around

and find a place you could get a firm committment."

"We were busy," defended Kaiser. "There was ValAPA, APA L, Inter-APA, N'APA -- all sorts of deadlines. And I had to pass my courses, too." "So did I," remarked Schu. "Say, you don't think Pelz had some ul-

terior motive for supporting the motion, do you?"

"I don't know," said Fred. "Maybe he finally realized that the
ValSFA was your club, Dwain," he added in his best humor-voice.

"Could be, I guess," said Dwain, taking him seriously. "Anyway,
here we are, so get out the money." The car turned off the freeway, and into the parking lot of Disneyland. The clock said 3:30, and the sky was bright and clear. [To be Continued, maybe]